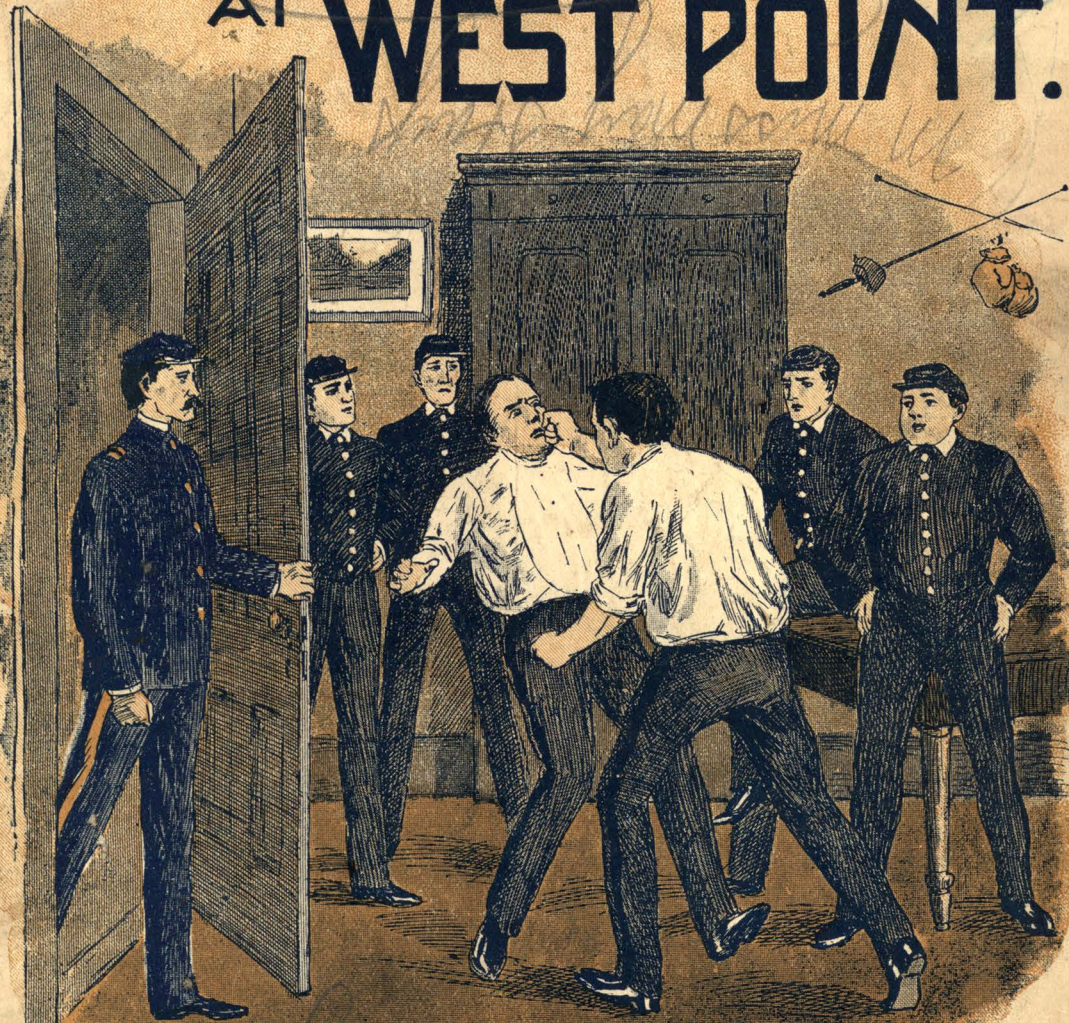


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AT WEST POINT.



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AS HAL KNOCKED TEXAS DOWN, THE PARSON DISGUISED AS AN OFFICER, ENTERED.

STARRY FLAG.

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Hal Maynard at West Point

OR,

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE SEVEN DEVILS.

By DOUGLAS WELLS.

CHAPTER I.

A CANDIDATE AND A FURLOUGHMAN.

"You are bound for West Point, too, I see."

The speaker was a tall, handsome young man, seated in a train of the West Shore Road one morning early in the month of October of the present year. He was addressing another passenger by his side.

The other answered the question in the affirmative.

"Are you a cadet at the Academy?" he inquired a moment later.

"Yes," was the response, "I'm just on my way back from furlough. I presume you are a candidate for admission."

"You have guessed it again," said the second speaker; and then with a twinkle in his eye he added: "Will it be according to etiquette for me to be seen talking to a second-class man?"

"It wouldn't be at the Academy," was the laughing answer. "But we'll waive the rules here, if you don't mind. I happen to be par-

ticularly interested in candidates just at present, and when I saw West Point on your ticket I knew you must be one."

"Why are you interested in candidates?" asked the other.

"I happened to hear about one who's coming up to the Academy this year—a rather unusual sort of a candidate."

"In what way?"

"Why it seems he's been all through the Spanish war," said the furloughman. "An officer under whom he served told me about him. It seems that he was a lieutenant of cavalry, and was in the thickest of the fighting at Santiago—had all kinds of adventures, and got promoted for bravery. Then he went out to Manila, and got wounded and had to be sent home. Now, he's coming to West Point to study."

"That is interesting," said the listener.

"And why did you want to meet him?—to haze him?"

"Not much!" responded the furloughman.

"We don't haze candidates like that, I can tell you. We're too glad to get them."

"I don't suppose you'd frighten him away even if you did haze him," laughed the other. "But I envy him all the same. What is his name?"

"It's Hal Maynard. Did you ever hear of him?"

"I think I've heard the name somewhere before," answered the candidate, with a twinkle in his eye. "It sounds familiar. Perhaps I read it in the papers."

"It's more than likely," said the other. "I'm looking forward to meeting him."

There was a moment's pause, and then the candidate spoke up.

"By the way," he said, "I, too, have been hearing some interesting stories—about cadets."

"Who are they?"

"I was told about some—why, come to think of it, they'll be second-class men this year, too! You must know them well."

"It's quite likely," said the other. "Who are they?"

"It's a society—The Seven Devils they're called, I believe."

"Yes, I've heard of them," smiled the other. "What have you heard about them?"

"All sorts of things," said the candidate. "When I heard of them they were a plebe secret society, and they seemed to be raising Cain at the Academy. By this time they must be second-class men."

"They are," said the other, "or rather those who are left."

"The leader of the society, I remember, was a fellow named Mark Mallory," continued the candidate. "Is he there still?"

"Er—he will be," was the answer. "At least, he expects to."

"You know him?"

"Very well, indeed."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Why—er—he's a pretty nice fellow, I guess. In fact, I think he's one of the nicest fellows I every met."

The cadet laughed softly to himself, as he said that.

"And who else is left?" inquired the candidate. "I remember a plebe called Powers, Jeremiah Powers, I think. He came from Texas, didn't he?"

"So he says," smiled the other. "And he's still up there. They're all there in fact except two, a fellow from Kansas, whom we used to call Sleepy. He resigned and got himself elected as a Populist State Senator out West. And Chauncey, the dude, went to London to live. But all the rest of them are there."

"I've heard several cadets speak of them," said the candidate, "and I've been looking forward to getting a glimpse of them. They seem to have had pretty lively time as plebes."

"Yes, they did; and they're about as wide-awake as ever, I think, even though they are second-class men. At least, I can answer for one of them——"

The furloughman stopped short, as if he had said something more than he meant to say. The candidate turned and glanced at him, and as their eyes met the cadet broke into a laugh.

His companion grasped the situation in an instant.

"I've been taking risks by talking to a

stranger," he laughed. "Suppose before I say anything more you introduce yourself."

"Certainly," said the other, with a twinkle in his eye. "My name is Mark Mallory."

The expression of the candidate's face may be imagined. He stared in consternation, and the other broke into a merry peal of laughter that made the other passengers turn and stare.

"Now, do you wonder I think Mallory's such a nice fellow?" he inquired.

"No," laughed the candidate. "I'm afraid that's a joke on me!"

"Decidedly," declared his companion. "Next time I advise you to be careful where you scatter your compliments."

"It's a very good rule," admitted the other, laughing to himself. "It would be well if everyone followed it."

There was a silence of a minute or two; and then suddenly Mark Mallory turned to the candidate.

"By the way," he said, "I forgot to ask you *your* name."

"You did for a fact."

"Would you mind telling me?"

"Not in the least."

"What is it?"

"Hal Maynard!"

It was the candidate's turn to laugh then; and he did it with a vengeance, while Mark Mallory fairly gasped for breath.

Then suddenly he turned and gripped Hal Maynard by the hand.

"I can't tell you how proud I am to meet you," he said. "I wish you'd told me who you were before."

"It's just as well as it is," said the other,

"since I've learned in the meantime that I needn't fear a hazing."

"Hazing!" cried Mank. "You'll get an ovation instead! I can promise you a very different reception from most plebes."

"I understood," added Hal, after a moment's pause, "that there wasn't to be any more hazing anyhow. The Seven Devils were an anti-hazing society, weren't they?"

"We were anti-hazing," laughed Mark, "just as long as we were plebes. When we came to be yearlings, of course, it was different. We left off the 'anti' then."

"I see," said Hal.

"We elected Texas our chief hazer." The furlough man went on laughing to himself. "I don't know how Texas will like the idea of letting even one plebe get in without a hazing. I'm afraid you'll be a thorn in his side."

"Who told you I was to be a plebe?" inquired the other, abruptly.

Mark turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Why, what else could you be?" he demanded.

"I might be a second-class man, for instance," was Hal's quizzing answer.

Mark was still more puzzled at that.

"How do you mean?" he demanded. "Please explain."

"I will, in a very few words," said the other, more seriously. "I'm not going to go all the way through the Academy. I have a lieutenant's commission already, and I have merely come up here to study military science. I'm to be admitted to the second class this year."

Mark grasped him eagerly by the shoulder.

"You don't mean it!" he cried.

"I do, precisely."

"And, don't you even have to pass any examinations?"

"None at all."

Mark stared at him for a moment; and then a look of delight swept over his face.

"By George!" he cried. "I never thought of it!"

"What is it?"

"You can join the Seven Devils! Will you?"

Hal's answer was naturally prompt.

"Why, of course, I will, if you'll admit me," he laughed.

"Admit you! "Good heavens, we'd be only too glad to; you've only to say the word."

And Hal said it, without a moment's hesitation. The two eager young men shook hands on it then and there.

CHAPTER II.

WEST POINT AT LAST.

Never was a new member admitted to a society in shorter order than that. Hal and Mark had each heard enough of the other to make them feel old friends. And Mark, being the "leader" of the Seven Devils, was able to speak for all the others.

"We were saying the other day that we needed a new member to bring us up to seven," said he, "since the two went away——"

"Two from seven leaves only five, in my arithmetic," put in Hal.

"Yes, but there were eight of us," explained the other. "The Parson's twin brother was admitted afterwards. I don't suppose you ever heard about him."

"No," said Hal. "I never did."

"I'd better tell you something about all our members," Mark went on. "If you're to meet them it's well to have a little warning. for they're—well, they are decidedly original."

Hal laughed.

"Go on," he said. "Begin with the Parson."

"Parson Stanard—Peter Stanard—hails from Boston," said Mark, "as you'll learn before you've known him two minutes. He's the leanest, lankiest chap in three hemispheres, and he knows everything in the world. He'll deliver you lectures by the hour on chemistry, and geology, and megatheriums and ornithorhynchuses and——"

"That's enough for the Parson," laughed Hal. "Go on to the twin brother."

"The Parson's name is Peter," said Mark, "and his brother's name is naturally Paul. It seems he was kidnapped when he was a boy, and he hails ever since from Kalamazoo, Mich., and he and his brother quarrel all day long about Boston and Kalamazoo, and which is the best town."

"I should think they'd stir up strife in the society," put in Hal.

"On the contrary, it's a blessing of Providence, because that's the only way we can tell the two apart, they look so much alike. I've known them two years, and I still make mistakes."

"A very interesting pair," laughed the other. "Go on."

"Well, then, there's Dewey, and Indian and Texas, and myself. Dewey is our prize storyteller; you'll know him when you hear somebody say 'B'gre!' That's his pet exclamation."

tion; and every time he tells it he cracks a joke or tells a yarn. You'll find B'gre the jolliest fellow you ever met. And then Indian, he's the fat boy——"

"Why do you call him Indian? Is he red?"

"Yes, but that's not the reason. He comes from Indianapolis, you see. His name is Joseph Smith, and you'll recognize him by his being always frightened to death—and "blessing his soul." And, then, Texas—Texas is just the opposite. Texas wouldn't run from the devil, or the whole seven of them. But you say you heard about Texas?"

"Yes," said Hal, "I heard he had been a cowboy."

"Yes," said Mark, "when he struck West Point he was right off the ranch, and he started to clean out the place. He scared all the yearlings to death. And he still fights everything he sees, and carries a gun in case of emergency."

"An interesting sort of a friend," was Hal's comment.

"He's the best friend in the world," said Mark. "And we're looking forward to some fun, I tell you, this winter. Texas' father, the Hon. Scrap Powers, has been elected to the Senate, and he's promised to come up and pay us a visit at the Academy. You can fancy what sport that will be."

"I can, indeed!" laughed the other who had been listening eagerly. "I'm glad I'm to be on hand. How much longer will it be before we reach the point?"

"We've only a few minutes more to wait," Mark answered.

His prediction proved correct. In a very

short time Hal found himself standing on the platform of the West Point station.

He had never seen West Point in his life, and naturally he gazed about him eagerly, as he and his new-found companion set out to climb the hill to the top of the bluff.

"That's the riding hall, off to the right," Mark said. "And the Headquarters' Building to the left just ahead."

Once at the top of the hill the two stopped and gazed about them. All West Point lay before them then—to the north the green parade ground, and the dusty cavalry plain west. The "battle monument" in the dim distance, half hidden in the trees.

Right in front of the two was the tall grey "Academic," with "barracks" stretching beyond.

The two turned to cross the street; just as they did so there came the sound of a sharp voice:

"Company A, forward, march!"

At the same instant was heard a sharp echoing sound of tramping footsteps, coming nearer and nearer. A moment later, out of the eastern sally port of the Academic, came the front rank of a marching company.

"There they are," said Mark. "And there's Texas!"

Hal stared eagerly, but he did not see the cadet, for the line swept round and turned southward. Right behind it came another, and then line after line of grey-uniformed cadets, four abreast, and marching like clock work.

"It's dinner time," said Mark, "and that reminds me that I'd better report and get some."

Hal, not knowing what he might expect, had taken the precaution to dine before he left

the city. And so he announced his intention of strolling around and seeing the place, more especially when he caught a glimpse of the "candidates," the last company that came straggling out of the sally port behind the rest of corps. They looked sadly woe-begone and disorganized, in spite of the strong efforts of half a dozen yearling corporals, and file-closers, who were yelling at them not to tread on each others' heels.

Mark and Hal waited until the last line had been led up the steps into "Mess Hall." And then they parted, Hal turning north to continue looking about him.

"I'll hunt you up, and introduce you to the Seven Devils just as soon as we get a spare minute," said Mark; "and we must arrange to get our rooms together, too."

Hal found plenty to entertain him in the interim. He strolled up through Trophy Point, and over by the site of the camp, where the battalion had spent the summer. By the time that he had made his way down to look the "barracks" over, the dinner half-hour had passed away.

Down by "barracks," also, Hal found things to entertain him—more, in fact, than he had bargained for.

He ought to have thought of it—that a strange lad in civilian clothing, wandering about staring (at that time of year especially) would be found to awaken suspicions in the minds of any cadets who chanced to be strolling about the area.

Hal had not been in the place five minutes before he saw a tall, dignified cadet officer come hurrying out of one of the doors. He espied the stranger; and instantly he made for him.

"Have you reported, sir?" he cried.

Naturally enough, Hal was taken aback.

"Why, no!" stammered he. "I haven't."

A look of horror swept over the officer's face.

"Not reported yet!" he cried. "Why, what an amazing state of affairs!"

"But I only got here an hour ago," explained the puzzled stranger.

"What in the world has that got to do with it?" demanded the other. "If you'd known your duty you'd have gotten here a year or two ago."

That was a point that Hal might have argued; but he preferred to say nothing.

"Follow me, instantly!" snapped the cadet.

Now to be sure there was no reason why Hal should have obeyed; but he did not want to appear stubborn. He followed meekly.

In to barracks they went, and upstairs, the candidate followed by smiles and witticisms of the cadets who chanced to pass them. The officer halted in front of one of the doors, and knocked sharply.

The answer came a moment later.

"Come in!"

They entered; and Hal glanced about him, curiously.

He saw a bare white walled room, with two beds in the alcoves; a table stood in the centre, and by it a tall cadet in uniform, at attention.

Hal's escort saluted.

"Captain," he said, "here is a candidate who confesses that he has neglected to report."

The look of amazement on the captain's face was a study.

"You do not mean it!" he cried.
 "Why——"

"I tried to explain——" began Hal.

"Silence!" roared the captain. "Who gave you permission to speak?"

"And he actually had the impudence to add," continued the other, "that he even neglected to arrive until an hour ago."

The captain's wrath grew even greater.

"He'll wish before long that he had not arrived at all," he muttered.

He took a huge ledger out of the table drawer, and opened it.

"Name?" he demanded, glaring at Hal.

"Hal Maynard."

"What?"

"Hal Maynard."

"Hal Maynard, *what?*"

"That's all—Hal Maynard."

The two officers stared at each other in horror.

"He doesn't even know enough to say, *sir!*" panted the amazed captain. "I wonder if he's ever lived among civilized people."

"He probably comes from the Fiji Islands," said the other.

"Where *do* you come from any how?" demanded the captain.

Hal's answer was a decided surprise to them.

"From the Philippines," said he.

Naturally enough the choleric officers thought he was "guying" them; and they got madder than ever.

"What do you mean by such impudence?" roared Hal's first acquaintance.

Hal, of course, stuck it out, to the evident amazement of the two. But they wrote it down, "Hal Maynard, Philippine Islands," to-

gether with a number of statistics—age, weight, parents' names, politics and religion, etc., of which Hal could see no use, though he gave them politely, affixing "sir" to each answer as commanded.

Then the captain shut up the book.

"I suppose you expect to become a cadet," he snapped, glaring at Hal.

"If you don't mind, *sir*," was Hal's dry response; for he did not find this a polite reception, and he was beginning to be somewhat nettled.

"I see you are insolent," growled the officer.

"Have you been examined yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, come this way, then, and we'll arrange it at once so——"

"But, I'm not——" began Hal.

"Silence!" was the response flung at him.

"Oh, very well," thought Hal; "if you want to make a fool of yourself I'll let you. Go ahead and examine."

He followed the two out of the room and up the hall. They entered another room nearby, where they found two other cadets. The four held a whispered consultation, during which Hal had time to look them over.

His first acquaintances were tall fellows, wearing officers' chevrons, but having rather coarse faces, as the "candidate" thought. Of the other two, one was a thin, sallow faced chap, and the other a small, boyish looking lad.

It seemed strange to Hal afterwards that his suspicions had not been more awakened by the actions of these four; but, as a matter of fact, the whole thing had happened so

quickly that he had scarcely realized the strangeness of it.

But he soon got further light.

"We will examine him then immediately," said the captain, suddenly.

He turned towards Hal:

"Candidate," he said. "Be good enough to sit down at this table and take your examination."

"I have already tried to tell you——" began Hal.

"And you have also been told to hold your tongue!" roared the other.

Hal's eyes flashed angrily; but he sat down at the table.

"Sergeant, advance and bind the candidate's eyes," was the next command.

That, of course, settled it. Hal rose to his feet.

"I think not," he said quietly.

The cadets stared at him angrily.

"What do you mean?" roared they.

"Simply," said Hal, "that I've had enough."

"You refuse to obey?"

"I refuse to obey *you*."

"A meeting!" cried the captain. "He shall be arrested for insubordination!"

Hal eyed him scornfully.

"Perhaps," he said, after a moment's pause.

"Perhaps the candidates who come up here are usually fools; but this time you've struck one who is not. I had an idea this was a hazing celebration, but I wasn't quite sure before."

The cadets glared at him still more angrily.

"Well, suppose it is hazing?" demanded the "captain," who saw that the cat was out

of the bag. "Suppose it is? Do you refuse to be hazed?"

"I do, indeed," said Hal, promptly.

"And what do you mean to do about it?"

"Nothing very much. I'm simply going out of here, if you don't mind."

He suited action to the word, and stepped towards the door. The four cadets promptly blocked his way.

There was a deadlock, but for a moment only. For Hal's blood was rising, and he was beginning to get mad all through.

He stepped forward to push his way past. As he did so, the spokesman of the crowd pushed him roughly back.

That settled the matter. The gesture was a trifle rougher than it needed to be, and it angered Hal yet more. He shot out his fist with all his might.

He landed on the fellow's chest, and sent him flying backwards against the door.

After which there was excitement.

CHAPTER III.

A BATTLE AND A RESCUE.

It would not be easy to describe what followed, for it was very much mixed up. The cadet staggered to his feet, and, of course, made a rush at Hal. His attack was a signal to the other three who joined him with all promptness.

And so, Hal had a very lively time of it. But he had not been fighting Spaniards all summer for nothing. He caught the foremost of the crowd a smashing blow in the face and made him stagger.

After which Hal backed up against the wall and set to work to defend himself against the four of them. He could not hope to do it

for very long, but he meant to do what damage he could in the meantime.

All of his assailants soon got bruises which they remembered for a long time. The sallow-faced chap caught hold of one of Hal's arms and tried to hold it, but Hal got time to give him a thump under the chin that made his teeth rattle and made him retire to the rear of the struggle in haste.

The cadet who had first taken Hal in tow was the second to lead in the advance, but he fared even worse, for Hal dealt him a blow over the eye that floored him completely.

But, though Hal fought like a Trojan, he could hardly expect to whip the four. The "captain" was a good boxer, and he managed to land several very unpleasant blows, in revenge for Hal's first one.

The candidate soon decided, therefore, that discretion was all of valor in this case, and that it was no part of his duty to let the four pen him up in that room and pummel him. He made a sudden spring, tore his way through the crowd and dashed towards the door.

He was out in the hall a moment later; but so infuriated were his assailants that they followed him there; and Hal, who did not like the idea of running, no matter how many the foes, turned and began to retreat backwards, contesting every inch.

But he had not gone far in that way before he heard a shout behind him. He thought that more enemies were arriving, and he turned to look anxiously.

Judge of his surprise and delight; he saw two figures dashing towards him, and the foremost of them he recognized as Mark Malory!

Their appearance ended the battle in less

than no time; for Hal's assailants, the instant they saw who was coming, turned and beat a hasty retreat.

Hal was not inclined to pursue them. He turned to welcome Mark.

But to his surprise the third cadet, a tall, powerfully built fellow, dashed past him like a streak of lightning, almost flinging him off his feet.

Hal saw that his eyes were gleaming, and his face purple with wrath.

"You darnation ole coyotes!" he roared, galloping after the flying cadets. "Turn roun' begar an' fight, dog on yo' boots!"

The four fugitives dashed into their room, and barricaded the door. Their angry pursuer flung himself against it, making the panels creak.

He would have burst into the room in another moment had not Mark sprung in to stop him.

"For heaven's sake, old man!" he cried. "Keep quiet. One of the sentries may be here any moment."

"What do I care fo' the sentries?" roared the other. "I want to get at them durnation cowards!"

And he made another dash at the door.

"Quick Maynard!" cried Mark, laughing in spite of his alarm. "Help me get this wild man away before there's a murder done."

Hal obeyed the request. The two got the irate cadet by the shoulders and marched him down the hall into Mark's room. They were not a moment too soon, for just then a sentry came hurrying around the corner to see what the noise was about.

Once in the room, Mark sat his excitable friend down in a chair, and held him there.

Hal meanwhile gazed about him, both to get his breath and to see where he was. Then for the first time he had a chance to discover that his nose was bleeding, and his face considerably bruised.

"Those are fine cadets of yours," he observed, as he set to work at the wash stand to repair some of the damages.

"They are about the worst in the Academy," said Mark. "That's what we call the Bull Harris gang, and——"

"They're durnation coyotes, that's what they are!" roared the prisoner in the chair. "An' I'm agoin' to wipe up this hyar Academy with them, dog on their boots!"

Suited the action to the word he began once more to try to wrench himself loose; he gave a couple of savage kicks, and the result of it was that he and Mark both tumbled out of the chair to the floor.

It was at that moment that the door of the room opened. Hal turned in time to see four more cadets come rushing in.

The scene that greeted them was a very unexpected one. The four started back and stared in no little surprise.

"By Zeus!" cried one, "what in the name of all the gods of Olympus is the matter?"

"By Hercules!" stammered the second.

"B-b-bless my soul!" gasped the third.

They took in the situation very quickly, however, for the outbreaks of that irate cadet were evidently not unusual.

"He wants to murder Bull Harris," explained Mark, "Come sit on him."

"B'gee you go do it, Indian!" cried the fourth of the newcomers, addressing the fat youth, who had been heard to "bless his soul" a moment ago.

But "Indian" only blessed it again, in still greater alarm. He looked inclined to run away.

The excitement finally subsided, however, and without his interference; Hal's nose bleed stopped, and he turned round to inspect the crowd in which he found himself. For he knew that there were the rest of the famous Seven Devils.

CHAPTER IV.

HAL'S NEW FRIENDS.

Mark stepped forward to introduce his friends.

"If you can behave yourself now," he said gravely to his prisoner, "I'll make you acquainted with my new friend. Mr. Hal Maynard, this is Jeremiah Powers, son o' the Hon. Scrap Powers, o' Hurricane Co., Texas; and Mr. Powers, this is Cadet Maynard, the new member of the Seven Devils."

Evidently Texas had not before known who Hal was; for he forgot all about his murderous intentions in a moment. He made a leap at Hal, his face lit up with pleasure.

"Dog on yo' boots, old man!" he cried, "I'm durnation glad to see you! Mark's been a tellin' me 'bout yo' doin's! Shake hands!"

Hal had never in his life felt such a mighty grip as the ex-cowboy gave him; but he returned the squeeze with all his own strength, which was not inconsiderable. And he had the satisfaction of seeing Texas wince a trifle.

"This," continued Mark, "is B'gee Dewey, the prize——"

"Delighted to meet you!" began that young gentleman, promptly. "I hear you've been killing Spaniards, and speaking of Spaniards, b'gee, reminds me of a story I once heard, b'gee——"

"And this," said Mark, hurriedly, "is Parson Peter Stanard, of Kalamazoo——"

"What!" roared the Parson, turning pale with horror. "I come from Kalamazoo! By Zeus, what do you mean? Do you suppose that I'd come from such a miserable little one-horse, three-legged village?"

"Now, by Hercules! Am I to stand by and hear such insults as that by a man who's not ashamed to own a hole in the ground like Boston——"

"Nothing but the presence of a stranger prevented a riot on the spot. And it was fully five minutes before the two angry brothers were subdued.

The Parson finally shook hands with Mark. "It accords me indescribable felicity to become acquainted with an individual," he began, "who has so gallantly distinguished himself in the profession to which I anticipate belonging. Ahem! And by the way, in your extensive peregrinations about the provinces of Santiago did you happen to come across any specimens of the *glyptocrinus deka dactylus*, which is abundant in those localities?"

Hal was naturally puzzled; but he wanted to get out as gracefully and without falling in the Parson's estimation.

"I didn't meet with any of that particular species," he said, gravely, but——"

"Perhaps," cried the Parson, eagerly, "what you saw were only the *peritophylia*, which are apt to be mistaken by the uninitiated. Perhaps——er——you are not, by Zeus, a very close student of my favorite subject of geology?"

When Hal acknowledged that he wasn't the old Parson looked grieved.

"By Zeus," he said, "the general ignorance

of so transcendently important a subject is most lamentable. I think——"

But the scholarly gentleman's further observations were cut short by Mark's introducing Hal to Paul Stanard and Indian—the former of whom remarked, by Hercules, that he was "charmed," and inquired to know how long the candidate had stopped at Kalamazoo on his way home from the Philippines.

As for Indian, one of his chubby fat fingers was all Hal could capture.

"It'll take Indian about a week to get over his alarm about you, b'gee," said Dewey, cheerily. "It reminds me of a good story——"

"He's afraid of everybody!" growled Texas. "Dog on his boots, ef he don't stop bein' 'fraid I'll wallop him some day till he's blue."

How much that tended to restore the poor fat boy's equanimity may be imagined. It was characteristic of Indian to believe everything he heard; and so he shrunk into the corner gasping:

"B—b—b—bless my s—soul!"

The formality of introduction over, Hal's adventure was naturally the subject of conversation.

"How in the world did you get Bull Harris and his gang after you?" demanded Mark.

"In the first place," answered Hal, "I'd like to know, if you don't mind, who is this Bull——"

Texas leaped to his feet.

"I'll tell yo' who he is!" he roared. "Dog—on his boots, he's a durnation old sneakin', blue-eyed coyote, that's what he is! An' when I git a holt of him I'm goin' to smash—Durnation! I'm a-goin' in thar an' tackle him now, dog on his boots!"

Once more it was necessary for the whole society to pitch in and collar Texas. And some five minutes passed before order was again restored, with Texas still a prisoner in the chair.

"And now," said Hal, "who is Bull Harris, once more?"

"When we first came here," said Mark, "Bull and his crowd were yearlings. But the whole four of them got left behind last year, so now they're in the same class with us. They're a pretty tough lot; we've always been enemies since the first day, and I guess we always will."

No, we won't dog on their boots, 'cause when I git a holt of 'em——"

The rest was choked in.

"And now," said Mark, "what about you?"

Hal soon told the story of Bull's stupid "hazing" attempt.

"I think they'll feel pretty cheap," he laughed, "when they find I'm to be in the same class with them."

"They ought to feel cheap anyway," vowed Mark, indignantly. "The four of them to set upon one!"

"Tell me!" demanded Texas, eagerly; "did yo'—did yo' lick 'em?"

"Hardly," laughed Hal. "I had more than I could do to hold my own. I can generally take care of myself in a fair fight, but four's too many."

"It wouldn't be for me!" vowed Texas, boldly. "Those four'd jes' suit me! An' ef these hyer fellers would only let me go——"

"Why don't you start by licking us?" laughed Mark, gripping him tighter. "We're only six."

Texas scorned to answer that; he turned to Hal.

"Tell me," he said, indignantly, "you must be quite a fighter, ain't you, hey?"

"Why," laughed Hal, "nothing extra; but I did a good deal of it off and on through the summer."

"Dog on yo' boots, I envy you!" exclaimed the ex-cowboy. "I wanted to run away an' 'list, but they wouldn't let me. Durnation, think o' havin' all the Spaniards a feller wanted to shoot at!"

The thought fairly made Texas' mouth water; and half unconsciously his hand stole round to his pistol pocket.

"Tell me," he cried, eagerly, "kin you shoot straight?"

"Moderately so," smiled Hal.

"We'll have to try it some day. "There aren't any Spaniards up hyar, but we kin take Indian fo' a target, dog on his boots."

"B-b-bless my soul!" gasped Indian.

"He's too big for a target, b'gee," put in Dewey. "And by the way, that reminds me of a good story I once heard, b'gee. It's about two fellows who were going to fight a duel; and one of 'em was fat and one was thin. And the fat one vowed it wasn't fair, for he was a great deal bigger mark; so the way the thin man suggested to settle it, b'gee, was to mark out his size on the fat man, and all the shots that struck outside of that were not to count!"

Everybody laughed dutifully at that story except the fat boy, and he looked puzzled.

"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "I don't think that would do at all!"

Naturally there was a roar of laughter at that; when it passed "B'gee" inquired gravely if Indian could suggest another way.

Indian's answer was prompt, and it brought down the house.

"Certainly," said he, "why didn't they put the fat man farther away, so that he'd have been harder to hit?"

It took some ten minutes of the Parson's most learned discourse to make Indian see the difficulty of having the fat man further from the thin man than the thin man was from the fat man. And even then he thought that "it might have been arranged somehow if they had only tried hard."

All of that folling was enjoyed by the merry cadets, excepting for Texas; Texas had more important hings to talk of.

"Look a-hyar," he began, as soon as he got a chance, "tell me about this hyar scrap."

"Why, there's nothing much to tell," laughed Hal. "I just backed up against the wall, and when they came at me I let them have it."

"Whar 'bouts?" cried Texas, eagerly.

"Why anywheres I could," said Hal.

"You ought to have hit Bull in the nose!" vowed the ex-cowboy, excitedly. "'Cause I once lammed him there an' he's never got over it."

"I remember hitting him there once," said Hal, laughing.

"Durnation, whoop!" roared the other. "Good fo' you! Go on!"

Hal, entering into the humor of the thing, began a mischievous account of how he had fought Bull, Texas getting more hilarious at every thump.

"Now, that air's a beauty!" he roared, as Hal described how he had caught the sallow-faced chap (Vance, as Texas called him), under the chin. "That's what I'd a-called a

pretty whack! The chin's the place to ketch a feller, I tell you, dog on his boots! I recollect the time Prairie Dog Pete an' Cross-eyed Charlie got into a rumpus down on the ranch and Pete caught Charlie under the chin an' knocked him through the window, an' the boys had to chip in to buy him a set of false teeth. Whoop! sock it to 'em!"

Hal went on, dealing blows right and left, all from his imagination, and Texas got loose from Mark and began to prance about the room excitedly.

"Good!" he shouted. "I bet they hollered that time, dog on the durnation coyotes! An' you say you lammed Bull in the stomach? Listen to that, fellers; he says he lammed Bull in the stomach! Wow!"

Texas made a rush for Hal.

"Gimme yo' hand again, ole man!" he cried. "I'm proud of you—yes, sah, durnation proud! Do you know, I b'lieve you an' me could 'bout clean out this hyar hull academy! Don't you reckon so?"

"I'm glad we don't have to try," said Hal, modestly. "But perhaps we might if we had time enough."

After that there was half a minute's silence, while the ex-cowboy strode up and down the room, apparently in deep thought.

Then suddenly he turned upon Hal.

"Look a-hyar," he said, eagerly, "you know I'd like to see you fight fust rate!"

"That is very kind of you," said Hal. "The same to you."

"That air's jes' what I'm goin' to suggest," said Texas. "I ain't had a good rousin' scrap for nearly two weeks now, an' I tell you, I'm beginnin' to feel kind o' uncomfortable-like, now, honest."

"Well, what can I do?" inquired Hal, much puzzled.

The Texan's calm answer nearly took his breath away.

"What I was a-goin' to say is this," said he; "let's you an' me have a little fight, jes' fo' the fun o' the thing. I'm calculatin' I kin put you out in 'bout two roun's, so it won't take very long. Let's go ahead now, while we've got the time. Are you ready? One, two——"

The amazement of the stranger may be imagined. While delivering himself of those eager words the ex-cowboy had flung off his coat, and squared himself off for battle.

He looked ready to make a rush at his new acquaintance the instant he should give the word.

"Come on!" he roared. "Get your coat off!"

CHAPTER V.

A SECOND FIGHT.

Seeing that Hal was considerably taken aback, Mark proceeded once more to try to restrain his friend.

"You must excuse him," he laughed to Hal. "We've tried hard to civilize him, but we haven't succeeded yet. Texas, for heaven's sake, set down and behave yourself. Nobody wants to fight."

"Yes they do," insisted Texas. "I do! An' I reckon Maynard ain't afraid. Are you, Maynard?"

Naturally enough Hal was prompt to answer that in the negative. He was merely surprised. But he was not willing to seem anxious to back down from the ex-cowboy's challenge. He was as strong as Texas, he was sure, and being an expert boxer, he felt

able to take care of himself if it came for a test.

"I never liked to fight," he laughed, in answer to Texas' eager inquiries, "and I——"

"Well, can't you do it jes' to oblige me?" inquired the other, anxiously.

There was something irresistibly funny in the plaintiveness of that appeal.

"If you put it on humanitarian motives," Hal laughed, "I suppose it'll be my duty to yield. But wouldn't you be satisfied with a boxing contest instead of a finish fight?"

Texas admitted that that would "do," if it was the best he could get.

"But when I get to fightin' a man, I like to finish him," he said. "But, being it's you, I'll agree to stop when you give up."

The calm assumption of superiority that lay behind that last statement piqued Hal considerably; and so the upshot of this whole discussion was that to Indian's horror and Texas' wild delight he took off his coat and announced himself willing to try a "go" with the ex-cowboy.

"I won't promise to stay in very long," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I'll do my best to make things lively in the meantime."

Which proposition Texas answered with a warwhoop of intensity simply blood-curdling.

A second later he doubled up his fists, took a leap forward, and dashed at Hal with the force of a battering ram!

What happened after that it would not be possible to describe exactly. The fighting of Texas was of the whirlwind style, and if he had been attacking a mortal enemy he could not have set about it more eagerly. He was roaring all the time with excitement and eagerness.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Durnation! I ain't had so much fun all summer!"

The rest of the cadets, much excited, gathered about in a ring cheering as loud as they dared. As for Hal, his whole attention was occupied in warding off the blows of his opponent.

Texas did all the fighting at first; he made rush after rush, and Hal let himself be forced all about the room, ducking and dodging and watching his chance. Hal was as quick and active as a cat, and so he managed to avoid all of Texas' eager lunges.

That proceeding Texas did not like, and he pressed Hal closer and closer; before long he had his reward and succeeded in landing a whack upon the side of his adversary's head, one that made him see stars.

"Wow! Whoop!" roared Texas. "One for me! Come ahead!"

It was an ugly looking blow, and the result of it was that Mark, who felt that this was a strange way to welcome a guest, rushed in to interfere. Texas protested, but Mark held him back.

Hal, however, was not much hurt, and would not have cared if he had been; for he was interested now.

"Let him go!" he said, smiling. "I'm still able to stand!"

"Good for you!" roared Texas. "That's the talk, dog'on' yo' boots!"

He was once more released, and he started in like a bloodhound on a trail.

For fully a minute more the same performance was repeated, Hal dodging and parrying and watching his chance. Texas finally concluded that he was playing with him, and began to get angry.

"Durnation!" he cried. "Why don't you fight? Hey?"

Hal did not answer. He kept on watching and a moment later he saw his opening.

Texas lunged out wildly, leaving his face unguarded; quick as a wink Hal sprang in.

He shot out his fist with all the force of his powerful arm. At the same time he remembered Texas' advice.

"Look out for your chin!" he shouted.

Texas heard him, but it was too late. The blow caught him fairly on the chin, and sent him flying backwards. He landed in a heap on the floor. The cadets, who had been watching the battle with intense interest, were shouting excitedly at that climax. But the shout died suddenly and changed to a cry of a very different kind.

For at that instant a terrible event took place. As Texas was in the very act of falling, the door of the room was flung open.

"Hal wheeled about; to his horror he found himself confronted by an officer in blue uniform, one the tactical officers of the academy!"

For fully half a minute there was a dead silence in that room. The Seven Devils stared in consternation; and Texas staggered to his feet, half dazed and scarcely knowing what he saw.

The feelings of the unfortunates, caught fighting in barracks, may be imagined. They knew that there could be but one penalty for all of them—immediate expulsion!

When the terrible silence was finally broken it was the officer who spoke.

"You will consider yourselves under arrest!" he said sternly. "Follow me at once!"

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT.

Six more horror-stricken cadets than those it would not be possible to imagine. We say six; for Hal, glancing about the room, noticed that Parson Stanard was no more to be seen. Whether he had crawled under the bed or jumped out of the window there could be no telling, but at any rate he had escaped.

The cowboy's friends helped him on with his jacket, whispering anxiously with him in the meanwhile. They finally turned and followed the officer meekly, Hal joining the disconsolate procession.

They marched straight down stairs, where the officer stopped. He ordered the cadets to report themselves as prisoners at the guard house.

To Hal's dismay he commanded him to remain behind.

"I wonder what in the world is to become of me!" thought the candidate.

The officer soon showed him; he marched him down the hall and into one of the empty rooms.

"You will remain here for the rest of the day," he said, angrily, "and consider yourself a close prisoner. I can assure you that your name will never be placed on the rolls of this academy; such a cadet as you would disgrace the place."

Which comforting statement he left Hal to muse upon at leisure. He went out, slamming the door and locking it.

A more unhappy prisoner than Hal Maynard probably there never was. The very

suddenness of the whole thing increased his despair. All his hopes had been swept away and all his plans ruined, almost with the suddenness of a thunderbolt. Hal was half dazed, and scarcely able to believe it was true.

Yet the stubborn facts stuck in his mind, and the terrible conviction that there was no hope grew upon him. He had been detected fighting, and in the most sacred part of the strictly guarded academy. There was no more hope of his becoming a cadet than there was of Texas remaining one.

Disgust and anger possessed Hal; he was furious with himself and still more so with the officer.

"What right had he to shut me up in here!" he asked himself angrily.

The more he thought over that the "nervier" it seemed. Hal was not a cadet; he was not even a candidate, for he had not registered.

"That man had no right to command me!" he muttered; "and if I'm not to become a cadet he won't ever have the right. I was a fool to let him lock me in here,"

The fact rankled in Hal's mind, and moved him to desperate thoughts.

"Stay in here for the rest of the day!" he muttered grimly. "Not much! Anybody'd think I was a baby to be locked up in a dark closet."

When Hal once made up his mind he had a way of acting promptly and fearlessly.

In this case he made up his mind that he was going out!

"I'll do it if I have to break the door down!" he vowed.

But that did not prove necessary. He went to the window; the shutters were fas-

tened on the outside, but he burst them open with one blow. The porch was in front of him.

Without a moment's hesitation Hal sprang out.

"And I'd like to see any officer get me in again, either!" he said.

In order to make that more difficult he stepped out into the area and went out into the street; he soon left the barracks a good distance behind him.

He was now at liberty, but his disgust was not lessened thereby.

"I'm taking my last look at the academy!" he thought, sadly. "I suppose I'll have to clear out, before I'm captured again."

As if to supplement that thought a sound reached his ears the next instant—the whistle of a train. It made him start.

"There's my chance to escape now!" he exclaimed. "And to have done with the confounded business at once!"

He glanced down the slope to the river, and saw a train just drawing up at the station. With a single bound Hal started down the hill to catch it.

He had not taken ten steps before there came another sound—behind him this time—loud shouts and cries.

"Stop! stop!"

Hal gazed over his shoulder; he saw half a dozen cadets in the distance—running with all their might to catch him.

"Not much!" thought Hal grimly.

He redoubled his speed; he charged down that hill with the swiftness of an avalanche.

And in less than a minute he had reached the railroad station; he sprang on board of the train in triumph.

"Now let her go!" he chuckled. "I'm safe."

But to his disgust and alarm the train did not obey. It lingered instead of starting, while Hal's enemies were coming nearer every instant.

He was in a desperate mood, and as he flung himself into a seat in the car he clenched his fists savagely.

"I'll fight to the last gasp!" he vowed, "before they get me out of this car!"

He heard the shouting grow nearer! and looking out of the window he saw the cadets dashing wildly down the road.

"Confound the train!" growled Hal. "Why——"

At that very instant it gave a lurch, and started slowly forward.

"We're off!" chuckled Hal.

For a moment the cadets were hidden from his sight by the station; but he knew that it would be a close call, and he watched anxiously. The train began to go faster and faster. The last car glided rapidly past the station!—

And at the same instant the fugitive saw two uniformed figures dash out, and leap aboard.

"There they are!" thought Hal. "Now for a fight!"

An instant later they dashed into the car. Hal started at them—and then he leapt to his feet with a cry of amazement.

"Mark Mallory!" he gasped.

"Yes, it was Mark; and the other was Texas!"

The two made a dash for Hal.

"For heavens sake!" they cried. "Quick! Get off before it's too late!"

"What in the world for?" demanded Hal in astonishment.

Mark's answer almost took him off his feet.

"It was all a joke!" he roared.

"A joke!" panted Hal. "How do you mean?"

"That officer was the Parson dressed up with a false mustache! And we were only fooling you!"

CHAPTER VII.

HAL HAS AN IDEA.

If the two wanted Hal to get off the train they took the very worst measures; for that announcement almost took his breath away. They grabbed him by the arms, however, and dashed towards the door.

The train was fairly flying, but those cadets meant to get off if they broke their necks. One by one they leaped out, and landed in the ditch beside the track.

After which they picked themselves up as best they could, and stared first at the train, now far distant and in a cloud of dust, then at the rest of the Seven Devils who were rushing down the track towards them, and finally at each other.

Then it was that the ludicrousness of the whole thing occurred to them. They burst into a roar of laughter, which ended in Texas almost falling into the ditch once more.

Naturally Hal rejoiced most of all, for he was inexpressibly relieved. The news was almost too good to be true, and he was so delighted that he had no thought of being angry with the cadets, a state of affairs of which they were all evidently afraid.

They gathered around him and began to apologize.

"It was an abominable way to treat a

stranger," said Mark. "But we hadn't an idea you'd take it so seriously."

"Durnation, no!" protested Texas. "I thought you'd ketch on right away."

"How in the world could I?" said Hal. "I hadn't the faintest suspicion. Please tell me how it was done."

"It was the Parson's suggestion," said Mark; "he slipped into the next room and put the mustache on."

"But where did he get the blue uniform from?" cried the other.

"That was my suggestion, b'gee!" put in Dewey. "I bought that suit last year from an old-clothes man that got it from one of the officers. We use it when we want to play pranks on strangers."

Once more the party went into a roar of laughter. Hal was able to enjoy the joke as much as any of them then.

"But all the same, I'd lick that durnation ole Parson if I were you!" said Texas.

The Parson, looking very guilty and sheepish, was lurking behind the others; just then he came forward and began an apology, in his most ponderous language.

Hal was not in a blood-thirsty humor and forgave him freely, though the scholarly gentleman humbly declared his entire willingness to be "picked" in case the ex-cowboy's suggestion pleased Hal.

"All I'll do," laughed the latter, "is to reserve the opportunity of returning the joke any time I get a chance."

With that the merry party turned to make their way back to barracks.

"I can tell you," said Texas, suddenly, "way to get revenge on the Parson."

"What is it?" Hal asked.

"Smash up his statue."

"By guns!" gasped the Parson in horror.

"I would rather he killed me! By the nine gods of Olympus!"

The Parson's alarm was surprising, and Hal was not a little puzzled.

"You won't do it, will you?" Stanard cried anxiously.

"I could tell better if I knew what you were talking about," Hal answered.

"B'gee!" chuckled Dewey, "I didn't suppose there was a person in the world who hadn't heard about the Parson's statue!"

"Tell me about it," said Hal.

"Well, b'gee, it reminds me of a story I once heard," began the other cheerily.

"And in the meantime," put in Mark laughing, "I'd better be telling Hal about the statue itself. It's to be a statue of Dana."

"Dana, the journalist?"

"No, no—the geologist."

"I never heard of him," said Hal.

If he had jumped into the river he could not have caused much more horror in the party, especially in the two Stanards. They started back, and stared at him with open mouths and eyes.

"Never heard of Dana!" yelled the Parson. The author of my beloved work on geology! By Zeus, he never heard of immortal, celestial Dana, of Boston!—"

"Now, by Hercules!" roared Paul. "How much oftener must I tell you that Dana was native of Kalamazoo?"

"Now, by Zeus! I won't hear that insult again, sir! I tell you——"

It was five minutes before the loving brothers could be separated.

When the quarrel finally stopped they both

began once more exclaiming at Hal's terrible ignorance.

The latter knew no more about geology than he did about Kalamazoo; but he finally managed to gather the following interesting facts:

That there was once a man named Dana, who had written a book on geology, that both Stanards possessed copies, by which they swore piously and about which they quarreled most impiously. That the two, united for once in their lives, had suggested to the professor of geology at the academy erecting a statute in honor of their favorite author; that the three had "chipped in" and actually done it; that the statue now stood in place on Trophy Point and was to be unveiled on the following afternoon, after some ceremonies that included a concert by the band—and a speech by the Parson!

Naturally enough Hal was interested in that last extraordinary news; he assured the Parson warmly that he would not miss his speech for the world, a compliment which the Parson accepted gravely.

They were still joking about the matter when they reached barracks. Here the party separated, most of them having duties to attend to. Hal found himself left alone with the merry B'gee Dewey, who promised to entertain him for a while with a few stories of which he said he had no doubt he would soon be reminded.

Dewey proposed walking up to the hotel; he had a cousin staying there, a young sculptor who had come up to inspect the famous statue on the following day.

"He's a first-rate fellow," said Dewey. "I'd like you to meet him."

The two strolled up across the parade ground talking about the statue and the Parson and the speech.

"I think," chuckled Dewey, "that it would be better if the new statue were of the Parson himself——"

"In the act of making his speech!" interrupted Hal breaking into a laugh. "We'll have to suggest it some time!"

A stranger who had chanced to be watching those two during the few moments immediately following those remarks would have seen a rather surprising series of incidents. They had not gone ten steps further before Hal suddenly stopped and gripped his companion excitedly by the arm.

"Old man!" he roared. "I've got it! Great heavens what a chance!"

He bent forward and whispered a few eager words; the result was that the excitable Dewey gave a perfect yell of glee and doubled up in a fit of laughter.

During the next few moments those two danced about like a couple of Fiji islanders; they slapped each other on the back, they fairly hugged each other for joy.

And then suddenly they both broke into a run and dashed wildly up towards the hotel.

A young man upon the piazza rose to meet them; he must have thought they were crazy, for they sprang at him, seized him by the shoulders and rushed him over into a quiet corner.

There Dewey without even introducing Hal and Hal without even thinking of an introduction began to stammer and whisper something between their gasps of laughter.

Wider and wider opened the third man's

eyes, and soon he, too, was laughing uproariously.

"But it's impossible!" he protested. "There is no time."

And then came an excited discussion during which the two cadets almost went wild with anxiety and impatience.

"B'gee!" roared Dewey. "I tell you we've simply got to do it!"

The result of the whole matter was that the third man, whom Dewey finally introduced as "my cousin, Mr. Nelson, the sculptor," consented to "try."

The announcement caused Hal and Dewey to dance a hilarious jig together, and then to sink down perfectly breathless and helpless with laughter and delight.

It was several minutes before they recovered, when they seized the unlucky sculptor and rushed him away.

"I've got pictures of him!" cried Dewey, setting out on a run for Barracks; "and I'll bribe one of the drum orderlies to get us shovels! Ye gods, what a joke this will be!"

CHAPTER VIII.

PUTTING UP A PLOT.

The subsequent actions of those three were singular enough to merit attention. It was not long before B'gee came tearing back to join them dragging with him Mark and Texas, who were now also "off duty." The four hurried out into the woods to the north of the post.

Here they were soon joined by a small drum orderly carrying two shovels, which he exchanged for a handsome tip and then disappeared. The five villains pushed on into the woods.

Every now and then the sculptor would stop and dig up the ground a trifle. At last close to the little brook he found what he wanted, a bank of hard yellow clay. The five flung off their coats and got to work like maniacs.

And most extraordinary work it was, too! The sculptor selected a dead limb of a tree which suited him, being about four feet long and straight. Hal and Mark dug out shovel-fuls of the clay and the others, after wetting it to the right stage of pliability, proceeded to pack around that branch.

Every once in a while the whole crowd would stop and go in spasms of laughter. But in spite of that in the course of an hour or two they had the log surrounded with a compact mass of clay. Then they stood it on end and packed a solid base around it.

After which Dewey produced two photographs, over which the hilarious crowd gloat-ed eagerly. They were of the Parson!

The sculptor cut himself several sharp-pointed sticks. And while the crowd gathered about him to watch he set to work at his task.

The reader has no doubt guessed what it was—to make a statue of Stanard.

It was an interesting sight to watch how the figure gradually grew out of the mass of clay. The sculptor left the head to the last. Before an hour had passed he had shaped out the long, lanky body and the still lankier legs, posed at an angle impossible for any man alive except the Parson and his brother.

The skinny arms were placed at his side in military attitude. It was settled that the Parson was to hold in one hand a geologist's

hammer and in the other a huge tome marked "Dana!"

The work progressed amid the wildest glee on the part of all concerned. The young sculptor was heart and soul in the joke, and as for the cadets they were simply amazed to see how cleverly and quickly he managed to model the outlines of his figure. The Parson's parabolic legs were enough to make an owl laugh; and his uniform, Texas vowed, he'd have known if he'd seen it in China.

But of course the head was the main thing; and there was no little curiosity to see what could be made of that. It was to be a typical Boston head of the comic paper kind, twice as large as an ordinary man's and with a huge bulging forehead.

The Parson's face was an easy one to copy, and the sculptor had two views of it, so he might reasonably hope for a successful caricature.

But the triumph that was made of it surprised every one, and sent them into fresher hysterics every minute. The Parson's bony nose and bony cheeks, his long chin and even his learned air were all there, and came out more strongly at every touch. It would be difficult to exaggerate the hilarity the delighted cadets exhibited as they watched.

It was nearly six o'clock and supper time when the exhausted crowd stopped work; by that time there stood in the forest as perfect a statue of the learned geologist as even he could have desired.

And Hal Maynard knew that the time for his revenge had come already.

The evening was one of anxious waiting for the cadets; Hal went over to headquar-

ters, presented his credentials and had a room assigned him temporarily. His status at the academy was that of a special student, but as most of his studies were with the second class he was put down as one of its members.

Fortunately his room was near those of his friends, so he would be able to share in the night's adventures.

The Seven Devils were supposed to be studying until tattoo; but it is safe to say that they did very little of it that night. Half-past nine never took so long in coming.

"Taps" sounds at the academy at ten o'clock. It means "lights out and all quiet." As soon as it has sounded a tactical officer goes the rounds with a lantern visiting every room and inspecting it.

He found all quiet, of course, in the rooms of our friends. But within fifteen minutes afterwards a far different state of affairs prevailed.

The four conspirators were dressed and in the act of stealing out of barracks; they whistled to the cadet-sentry, who kindly "looked the other way." They dodged out of the building and set out for the hiding-place of the statue.

The same kind of agency that had provided the shovels had exchanged them for an axe. A litter was cut and prepared; no wounded soldier was ever more tenderly carried than that clay image.

Fortunately it was a dark night, and the trees and bushes of Trophy Point hid the conspirators when they reached the spot. It did not take them very long to accomplish their purpose.

The real statue was, of course, covered over and secured. The coverings were removed,

and by herculean efforts the statue was lifted down. To set the clay one in its place was the work of but a few minutes more. It was carefully wrapped up, and then once more began the funeral procession.

But this time it was of the Parson's beloved Dana, who was lugged away into the woods. The pall-bearers were trembling so with laughter that a calamity was barely averted.

When they finally crept home again it was with hearts thumping with triumph; Texas could hardly be restrained from giving a few whoops of delight, and he vowed that he'd go crazy if the next afternoon didn't hurry up and come.

However impatient the cadets were, they could do nothing but wait. It is safe to say that all of them made sad bungling in their recitations the following morning. At dinner time Indian, who was let into the secret, was almost too excited to eat, a state of affairs which Dewey vowed would surely direct the suspicions of the authorities to him.

The "performance" was set down for two o'clock that afternoon. It being Saturday, the cadets had a half holiday and leisure to attend. Fully an hour before the time Hal and his friends were on the ground wandering uneasily about and eyeing the white object of their anxiety.

They rejoiced to find that nobody's suspicions had been awakened; and they watched nervously as the crowd gathered for the arrival of the orators and the beginning of the ceremonies.

The first sign of the long-wished for event was heralded by "B'gee" with an eager cry:

"The band!"

Sure enough, they heard the strains of mu-

sic. The academy band was marching up the road from barracks.

In a few minutes more it had reached the scene and saluted the welkin with the strains of "Hail Columbia," which was appropriately cheered. A moment later "Professor Roberts" arose to deliver the first speech of the day.

"The moment is at hand!" gasped the Seven.

CHAPTER IX.

"BEHOLD THE GENIUS."

Of the professor's speech it is not necessary to say much. In a few words he narrated to his auditors the circumstances which had led to the erecting of the statue. He alluded to "the public spiritedness of two of our cadets," words which must have made the old Parson's bosom swell, for the cadets applauded vigorously, and Texas got a chance to relieve himself of a few warwhoops.

"Of the man to whom this statue is erected," said the professor, "I do not mean to say anything. I leave that pleasant duty to the young man who is to follow me, who being a reverent disciple of the great author is well able to tell you of the many great benefits which he has conferred upon science. It gives me the greatest pleasure to introduce to you the orator of the day—Cadet Peter Stanard."

The old Parson had been out of sight in the crowd, but at those words he stepped up on the platform beside the statue. His appearance was a signal for more applause, which made the scholar's pale features almost show signs of reddening.

The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," a compliment which the Parson gravely accept-

ed by bowing to the bandmaster, as well as to the rest of the crowd.

So far the ceremonies had been short enough to please the most impatient of the conspirators; but B'gee Dewey whispered that the Parson would no doubt make up for the shortness—a prediction which was verified.

Our friends in their eagerness had crowded close up in front, and now their eyes were fixed upon the orator who, as he cleared his throat and waited for the applause to die out, smiled upon them benignly. The old Parson was in a lofty and important humor that afternoon, for he was the cynosure of fully five hundred pairs of eyes.

For the crowd had now swelled to fully that number of persons—all the cadets were present, to say nothing of their best girls, of whose attention the Parson was even prouder. He swelled out his chest, and after an impressive silence began, in a deep, solemn tone:

"Ladies and gentlemen—ahem!—fellow-citizens!"

That was an eloquent introduction, and the orator paused to let it have its full effect. Then he began once more:

"We have assembled upon this auspicious occasion to consummate one of the most memorable achievements in the history of this Academy——"

"That's modest!" whispered Dewey, sarcastically.

"We have assembled upon this auspicious occasion to do honor to one of the most transcendently illustrious men whose records are inscribed upon the celestial empyrean. The name of Dana is one which kings have delighted to honor; it should be dear to the heart of every

loyal citizen of this great and glorious country. It affords me the utmost felicity to acquaint you with some of the achievements of this extraordinary intellect; and accordingly I shall procrastinate for no superfluous circumlocutions or elaborate introductory observations, no rhetorical florituras (if I may be allowed metaphorically to employ so technical an expression), but proceed immediately to enumerate a few of the immortal achievements of the individual to whom we are erecting this imperishable memorial."

Here the Parson paused and laid his hand affectionately upon the statue. He gazed about him in triumph as much as to say, "Did you ever hear such a marvelous speech before?"—a question which every one there would have instantly answered in the negative.

Nobody knew just what Stanard had said, but when an orator stops it is a sign that he wants to be applauded, and so everyone clapped vigorously. The Parson smiled and went on.

A brief summary will have to be given of the next part of that wonderful speech, for it consisted of a list of the geological discoveries of the Person's beloved hero. The Parson was in his element then and he fairly wallowed in long words—"troglodites and hematites and dolomites—cyathophylloids and glyptocrinoids—peridactyls and megatheriums and ornithorhynchuses."

He assured them that "Dana's discovery of the relationship between the trilobites and the cephalopods was the scientific sensation of the century;" that "his classification of the various brachiopods of the sub-carboniferous and quarternary eras was the wonder of all

men of learning;" that "his publication of the great work on geology was the greatest literary event since the birth of Shakespeare."

To all of this the audience listened gravely; but the Parson was not destined to find it all such smooth sailing.

"As to the external events of his life," he began after another pause, "he was born in the year 1820 in the immortal and glorious city of Boston——"

A yell interrupted that statement.

"Now, by Hercules, how much often——"

Fortunately the Seven Devils were near, and the irate Paul Stanard was stopped before he could reach the platform. He was gagged into silence, while his brother went on implacably.

"I repeat," he said, "that he was born in Boston; being so great a man I do not see how he could possibly have been born anywhere lese!"

And so the great oration went on. After the first half hour the Parson was still fresh, but his audience was beginning to get restive. There were murmurs and signs of inattention and cries of "Cut it short!"

Some of the hearers actually began to leave in disgust; and so the poor Parson had to stop, though he was only a quarter through.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I presume that after the above very brief remarks you are all anxious to behold the features of the great scientist. That laudable curiosity it will now be my pleasure and privilege to gratify. Fellow citizens, prepare! You are about to gaze upon the figure of the greatest genius of the age, of one of the beacon lights of science. The figure is one that may well com-

mand your interest, though there is doubtless no need of my assuring you of that fact.

"I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to behold an extraordinary man—a man who, in my judgment, possesses the greatest mind this century has seen!

"I warn you to expect no handsome features, in the vulgar sense of the word, for Minerva takes but little pains to beautify those she loves. But I bid you to note the royal brow of intellect; the deep, thoughtful expression of this learned man, an expression which the sculptor has well imitated. It is with a heart throbbing with emotion that I prepare to unveil this statue to your gaze, for there is no figure I admire more than that of this great scholar. Ladies and gentlemen, you can see the man's learning graved upon his very forehead; his mighty brain seems like to burst with the teeming thoughts that crowd it——"

"Hurry up!" roared some one.

The Parson thought it best to obey. Without another word he turned and untied the ropes that bound the coverings. The crowd was watching him impatiently; as for the Seven Devils there is no describing the state of mind they were in.

The great crisis over which they had been gloating had come at last. It was the moment!

The Parson severed the last cord, and seized the sheet. He meant to do the thing dramatically, and so he waited an instant to be sure that every eye was upon him.

Then he took a deep breath and extended one hand oratorically.

"Behold!" he cried. "Behold, the genius!"

With which words he tore off the cover. He

found himself staring at the caricature of himself!

CHAPTER X.

HAL'S REVENGE.

One is at a loss for words to describe what happened after that sublime moment. For a second or two there was a dead silence, while every one stared in dumb consternation.

The Parson's mouth and eyes opened to the bursting point. He staggered back with a look on his face as if he had seen a ghost.

Then he turned to gaze in horror at the audience, as if doubting the evidence of his own eyes.

It was then that the resemblance of the two flashed over the spectators. That gawky brown clay figure with the long legs and the bulging head—it was the Parson!

There was a roar of laughter that fairly shook the ground. The cadets flung up their hands and shrieked with delight. They danced about and yelled like wild men—or devils. And the more the horrified old Parson stared at the statue the more they laughed.

Truly a more glorious situation could not have been imagined. There was not a man there who did not go half wild.

Poor Stanard, realizing finally that somebody had played a joke upon him, flung his weight against the unlucky image and sent it tumbling to the ground. Then he himself sprang down and dashed away in a rage.

As for the Seven Devils, they sank down upon a bench near by and spent the next hour trying to catch their breath. In the meantime the delighted crowd had picked up the statue (in two pieces), set it upon their shoul-

ders, and prepared to march round the grounds with it.

That furnished an amusement for another half hour; the band was bribed to join in and furnish music.

The Parson's window in barracks was serenaded by the delighted cadets, but no sign of the irate scholar was seen.

The Seven Devils went up to condole with their unlucky friend; but they were no more successful in finding him. The Parson had retired to the solitude of the woods to meditate.

"Poor fellow," laughed Hal, "if it wasn't so funny I'd begin to feel sorry for him. But oh!—oh!——"

That was enough to set the breathless crowd roaring again; indeed, the very thought of the Parson's expression as he gazed at the statue of "the great genius" was enough to make an owl laugh.

All the afternoon nothing else was talked of at the academy but that huge joke. Everyone wondered who could have carried it out and what the Parson would do about it.

"P—perhaps," suggested Indian, as the day wore away and still no sign of the scholar was seen, "p—perhaps—b—b—bless my soul, he's run away and w—won't ever come back!"

But that was obviously impossible.

"You forget one thing!" chuckled Dewey. "He's bound to come back because of the mummy, b'gee."

"Sure enough," said Indian, satisfied. "I forgot that."

But if Indian was satisfied Hal was not.

"What in the world is the mummy?" he demanded in surprise.

"Haven't you heard about the mummy!" exclaimed Mark.

"No," said Hal, "this is the first word. Are we going to unveil a mummy as well as a statue?"

"You've about guessed it," Mark laughed. "The mummy is down to furnish us with entertainment this evening. Captain Howard brought it from Egypt."

Hal, upon further inquiry, learned that one of the officers connected with the academy had been to Egypt upon a government mission and had brought back what Dewey called "a real live mummy," which he was going to present to the museum and which he intended to unwrap and exhibit to the cadets that evening.

Hal could readily believe that the Parson would not miss that lecture for a fortune, and as an actual fact he was right.

About six o'clock the great genius came sauntering into barracks. Everyone stared at him, but he had evidently schooled himself to a nonchalant expression, which he wore until he reached his room, where he found his friends gathered.

He strolled in, not heeding smiles or winks, and began a conversation about the mummy.

Evidently he wished to say nothing about statues; but the mischievous conspirators did not mean to let him off so easily.

"By the way," said Dewey suddenly, and with much gravity, "that was a mean trick somebody played on you, Parson."

The Parson opened his eyes and gazed at the youth in mild surprise.

"Upon me?" he inquired. "Why, really you surprise me. I know of no joke played upon me."

The others stared at him in amazement.

"Oh, so that's your scheme!" chuckled B'gee to himself.

"What joke do you mean?" inquired the geologist gravely.

Indian's surprised soprano piped in here:

"W—why—b—b—bless my soul!" he cried, "he means the statue of you they made!"

The Parson opened his eyes.

"Statue of me!" he exclaimed. "Why, you surprise me."

"Really!" grinned Dewey.

"Do you actually mean that that statue was supposed to represent me?" demanded the other.

"Of course."

"By Zeus," said Stanard, "the idea never occurred to me before! But it's absurd."

"Indeed!"

"Certainly. You are quite mistaken, I assure you. The statue is not meant to resemble me."

"Then, who is it meant for?"

"Why," cried the Parson, "it's plain as day whom it's meant for. It's as like him as it could possibly be!"

"Who is that?"

"Why my Kalamazoo brother, of course!"

If the Parson had meant that for a joke it would not have been a bad one, and he might have had the laugh on his friends. But the trouble was that he meant it to be taken seriously; and he reiterated it with all possible vehemence.

"Do you suppose that such a figure as that could come from Boston?" he roared.

Naturally enough, Mr. Paul Stanard, of Kalamazoo, did not listen to that in peace. He

was up in arms and ready for violence immediately. It was necessary for the others to interfere.

But they could not keep the Parson from reiterating that that "statue" was not meant for him. Asked if he was angry with the jokers, he said of course not.

"Why should I be?" he asked. "It is Paul's place to be angry."

Inasmuch as the scholar was determined to take it thus, certainly the rest saw no harm in telling him who had carried out the joke (which, of course, he had guessed long ago). For nobody at the academy ever thought of jokes like that except the Seven Devils.

The Parson still professed indifference. He laughed at the supposition that Hal had squared matters.

"Why, by Zeus," he said, "it's perfect nonsense. Perfect nonsense, by Zeus!"

"If that's the case," laughed Hal, "I've still got to look out for revenge. You'd better watch out for yourself!"

Alas for poor Stanard! He was in an imprudent humor just then, and he "put his foot in it," as the phrase has it.

He ventured to assume a supercilious tone.

"I have not the slightest fear," he smiled.

"I flatter myself that I can watch sharply enough to foil any little stupid scheme you may devise."

Naturally enough, Hal didn't relish such airy superiority as that. He sprang to his feet with a bound.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Stanard," he said merrily, "I'll bet you a ten-dollar bill that I'll play a joke on you within the next three hours that'll equal this afternoon's one,

and that you'll have no doubt about whom it's meant for either!"

The Parson rose to his feet gravely.

"A challenge, b'gee!" roared Dewey. "Go it, Parson! Bully, b'gee! Reminds me——"

It was a rather vague bet, but the Parson was mad (though he didn't show it). He thought Hal was bluffing him—as indeed Hal was, though a vague possibility had occurred to him.

"I will take that bet!" said the Parson gravely, "and I defy you, by Zeus——"

His further remarks were drowned by the cheers of the delighted Seven Devils, who were, of course, eager for the excitement.

"Durnation whoop!" howled Texas, "go it, dog on yo' boots!"

To his joy the two cadets shook hands upon the bet.

Then, before the excitement had died down, Hal seized Texas by the arm and hurried him out of the room.

"You're the man to help me," he laughed, "and, Stanard, I warn you to look out for yourself!"

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PARSON.

By the time that challenge was accepted the call to supper had sounded, and the cadets hurried down and fell into line, where they found Hal and Texas whispering together eagerly.

Every man there was grinning as the Parson made his appearance; but the Parson's scholarly serenity was not in the least disturbed by that.

All his thoughts were concentrated upon Hal, in order to watch for any trick. At the

supper table he never took his eyes off Hal and Texas. He realized that he had to deal with too bold and daring "devils," who were not likely to stop for fear of anything.

Debating over that three-hour time limit and how he could best secure his safety, the sly old Parson soon hit on a clever plan. He saw his enemies smiling at him, but he thought to himself, "if they only knew my plans they'd feel differently."

"They're counting on my coming to that lecture," he thought grimly. "But I'll fool 'em! I'll get the captain to show me that mummy another time. And I'll just take a walk into the woods and stay hidden until the three hours are up.

That was an excellent plan, and the Parson lost no time in carrying it into execution. Directly the battalion broke ranks he dodged away and set out rapidly northward.

He kept glancing nervously behind him, but not a soul did he see; and in a few minutes he was lost to sight in the woods.

"I guess I've got 'em this time!" he chuckled.

The Parson was sorry to lose the lecture; but he was glad to win the ten dollars. His feelings, therefore, were hovering between pleasure and pain, when he suddenly stumbled across something that gave them a decided impetus in one direction.

His beloved statue!

The Parson had been too proud to ask the jokers what they had done with Dana; but there he found it carefully laid in a bed of moss and covered with a cloth!

The Parson sprang forward with a cry of delight.

"By Zeus, I have it!" he gasped.

He bent down and reverently lifted the cloth; his heart leaped up as he saw that the statue was safe and unscarred.

"By all the gods of Olympus!" muttered Stanard, "I think it wouldn't be a bad joke on my part if I got this statue back on its pedestal!"

He was gloating over this thought when something suddenly happened. It happened so suddenly that to the unfortunate cadet it came like a thunderbolt.

There was not a sound of warning; the dusk that now prevailed in the woods had favored the attack of the Parson's enemies.

He suddenly felt a pair of powerful arms flung about his waist, pinning his arms to his side as in a vise. He struggled with all his might, but he was helpless.

He tried to cry out, but another pair of hands stopped that; in almost less time than it takes to tell it a gag was thrust into his mouth and a handkerchief bound around his eyes.

The unfortunate scholar was stretched out on his back and his hands and feet made secure with ropes.

Then without a moment's delay he felt himself lifted up and borne rapidly away in the arms of two men!

Mark and the rest of the Seven Devils were naturally anxious to watch the course of any joke that Hal and Texas might try. But the Parson eluded them after supper, and when Mark came to look for Hal and Texas he found that they were gone, too.

So he and Dewey and Indian and Paul Stanard were compelled to wait with what patience they could muster. Over an hour passed

away; it was nearly time for the lecture, and still no signs of any of the three.

"I tell you what," said B'gee shrewdly, "I'll bet the Parson's run away and they can't find him."

"That solution was accepted as probable, and it was confirmed when the two jokers turned up.

It was just before time for the lecture. The four met them strolling across the parade ground.

"What's the news?" cried Dewey anxiously. But Hal only shook his head.

"Did you find him?" asked Dewey.

"We've agreed not to say anything," was all the two would answer.

"For heavens sake, why not?"

"It might spoil the joke."

"I don't believe you've got any joke," declared Dewey, impatiently. "I'll bet he got away from you and you can't find him."

Hal and Texas merely smiled at each other knowingly. They aggravated the other four not a little, a fact which Hal soon observed.

He made haste to change the subject.

"Shall we go into the lecture?" he asked. "Come on; I want to see that mummy."

Without another word the six turned and made their way over to the gymnasium, where the entertainment was to take place. They found the building lighted up and already quite crowded.

The cadets entered and gazed about them; what they saw needs but a word of description.

The floor of the large hall was covered with chairs, most of which were already occupied by cadets and their fair companions; the gallery was also crowded, mostly by the plebes.

The six stared anxiously everywhere, but they saw no sign of the old Parson. Dewey began to tease Hal and the ex-cowboy about their failure; but they only smiled.

In the room, on a platform in front, was an object of considerable interest to everyone, a heavy black box shaped like a coffin. All eyes were fixed on it, for it was in that box that the mummy lay.

Perhaps five minutes passed after the cadets came in. Then the buzz of conversation suddenly ceased, and was followed a moment later by loud applause.

"There's Captain Howard!" chuckled Dewey, "and the lecture begins. Good bye, ten dollars, Hal!"

Hal turned to him quickly.

"Bet you ten more I win it," he whispered.

"Go you, b'gee!" snapped Dewey.

And they shook hands on it that same instant.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN HOWARD'S MUMMY.

By the time that Hal and Dewey had made their little arrangement the tall, handsome officer had reached the platform. He bowed as the audience applauded him and a moment later he stepped forward and began.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I shall be very short and merciful to you in my lecture this evening, for you have already heard speeches to-day——"

A roar of laughter greeted that sally, and everyone turned to look for the Parson, but the orator and geologist was not in evidence.

"I have promised to tell you about some of my adventures in Egypt and how I got this

mummy which is before you. It is now just eight o'clock, and I have promised myself to be through by nine, so I beg of you to stop me if I do not."

Dewey slipped his watch into his hand where he could glance at it when he wanted to. For he was more interested in the time-limit than the lecturer supposed.

"If he'll just keep us here till nine," he chuckled, "the Parson will be safe."

Meanwhile the lecturer went on to tell of his landing in Egypt and of his visit to Alexandria and his trip up the Nile. He gave a vivid description of an adventure he had had with two bandits, one of whom he had shot. Indian shuddered and turned white, while the ex-cowboy looked as if he wanted to get up and yell some.

Then came the visit to the great pyramid, from which this mummy had been carried. The Captain read a translation of the inscription, which proved the body to be that of a son of King Rameses the Second.

All of this, of course, took time. Dewey's watch told him that there was just a quarter of an hour more. (Hal's time was up at nine.)

After a few minutes more the lecturer came to describe the mummy.

"And I think I can best do that," he said, "while I am unwrapping it and showing it to you. So——"

He turned towards the coffin.

"I will lift it out upon the platform," he said, "where we can all see it."

He stooped down to carry out his words; a moment later the audience, who, of course, were watching him closely, received a shock as of electricity.

For Captain Howard was suddenly seen to leap backwards, his face white as a sheet.

The audience was on its feet instantly, staring at him in amazement.

"What's the matter?" yelled several.

"Did—did you hear that?" panted the officer.

Evidently no one had; there was a dead silence as everyone paused and strained his ears to listen.

"There it is again!" gasped the officer. "Great heavens!"

Some had heard it that time; the audience was almost petrified.

There had come a low groan from the coffin!

"The mummy's alive!" shrieked a voice.

There was almost a panic for a moment, but the cooler heads prevailed, and the horrified spectators remained where they were.

Several of the older cadets sprang upon the stage and joined Captain Howard.

They stood listening for a moment more to make certain. Then again that horribly uncanny sound came from the coffin. There could be no mistake about it this time.

But the supposition that the mummy was alive was, to say the least, decidedly doubtful.

"Perhaps some one's hiding under the platform," cried a voice.

Captain Howard sprang instantly to the rear of the stage, where he could peer under, but there was no one there. And everyone was more puzzled and terrified than before.

Above all the sounds could be heard the exclamations of Indian, who was frightened almost pale, and who fancied a whole troop of Egyptian mummy bandits sallying out to at-

tack him. But to do him justice everyone there was nearly as much alarmed.

The audience could not long remain in suspense about the mystery. The captain's move to look under the stage put an end to the inaction.

"Open the coffin!" was the cry.

And then again came the groan louder than ever. Several of the cadets dashed at the box.

There was no top upon it and so they had only to reach down and lift out the mummy. It is safe to say that not a person in the hall did not feel his flesh creep at the moment that they did so.

The cadets raised the body (which was, of course, swathed from head to foot in brown wrappings of cloth) half out of the coffin and into the light. As they did so there was a breathless silence—and then another groan!

One of the cadets, glancing at the head, cried out that he had seen the lips move, and to a man they dropped their ghastly burden and leaped back.

But that state of affairs could not last long; everyone's anxiety was too great. Others sprang forward and the mummy was again lifted erect.

"Yes, there was a narrow gap in the bandages at the mouth, and the lips were moving!

The mummy was alive!

Captain Howard opened his pocket knife and sprang towards the coffin. The audience was staring at it half dazed by what they saw. The bravest of them was pale and breathless, utterly helpless to think what could be the matter.

They soon learned. The officer slashed off

the bandages in a moment or two. The crowd saw that he was gradually exposing a white skin, looking very little like a mummy's.

And suddenly the officer leaped back with a cry of amazement; it was followed by a perfect howl from the audience.

The bandages were off!

The mummy was Parson Stanard!

All the pent up-suspense and alarm of the audience expended itself in the shouts of laughter that followed that revelation. The gag was removed from the mouth of the furious scholar, who proceeded to vent his wrath in shrieks to all the gods of Olympus.

But they were all drowned in the shouts of the audience.

Truly there was something irresistibly ludicrous in the sight of the learned scholar, wrapped up like a papoose and unable to stand or do anything except make wry faces and howl for vengeance.

They unwrapped him finally, and also cut the ropes that bound him. Captain Howard (who had been searching in the deep coffin) looked up from the discovery that the real mummy lay unwrapped but unhurt in the bottom, to see the "live mummy," now free to move, tearing his way through the delighted audience towards the door, where he disappeared.

And for the next five minutes the audience merely sat in their chairs and laughed themselves breathless.

It was certainly a triumph for Hal, and the merry B'gee was the first to acknowledge it. But Hal's conscience troubled him and he and Texas left the "gym" and set out to hunt for the irate Parson in order to apologize.

But they did not find him nor did he turn up

until tattoo, when he flung into his room without a word.

It took Hal and Texas all the next day to make peace with him, and even then it was only accomplished by a subterfuge. Hal happened to remark something about "the celebrated Dana, of Boston," whereat the Parson could hold out no longer. He fell on Hal's neck (metaphorically speaking) and wept, and the two swore friendship from that moment.

The following night the new member of the Seven Devils gave a banquet on the sly in his "palatial apartment" in barracks, and Dewey and Parson paid the bills.

(THE END.)

The next number of the Starry Flag will contain "Scrap Powers In Trouble; or, The Seven Devils and the Green Goods Men."

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or otherwise destroy this letter, Loo.)
the child! I've done my utmost.
storming, he agreed to Madame Fournier
approved of that—never; but they talked
It's done; and I'd do it again. Even the
tion of that girl's eyes, blind with weep
implored for help in the plot, is, to me, wor
than the spectacle of this man's eyes, n
less. God pity us all, Loo! This is
tragedy.'

Four days after writing the
which the above is a portion, Miss
in Helsingfors. A week later
Madame Fournier 'God speed
Count Sergius' country-seat
That evening at her bedside
Miss Olive, said this:
'God, it is written, "De
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That was said al
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